

THE GERARDITES,

A NEW SONG, to the Tune of "The Night before Larry was stretch'd."

"Ch! dat *dis* shou'd come to *dat*!"

SIR V——Y.

Some days before G—r—d *addressed*,
His friends down at Lota assembled,
His fears he no longer suppress'd,
Nor his pride nor pretensions dissembled:—
For Dundalk could no longer be bought,
And if *out*, what a terrible pity!
So himself just as worthy he thought
As Sir N—k, for his own native City—
And small blame to the modest young man!

Old D—n then was called to the Chair,
Beside him sat his *Secret—T—rry*
Next to him sat Lamelara's young Heir,
R—my S—h—n, J—e H—y—s & S—m P—ry,
H—r—y Up—t—n next to young D—n,
With a thousand wild projects in his Skull—
And G—r—d between alderman
Tom Palaver and R—dy O'D—s—ll;
And poor P—t *mind*ing nothing at all!

Tom Palaver then pull'd out a roll
Of all he had ever made Freeman,
And promised the votes of the whole
Excepting but one, two or three men—
Castlemartyr he had in his sleeve,
And could influence all Castlemartyr;
And the humbugger made 'em believe
He'd Poll M—ll—ns and A—t—r O'L—r—y,
And the rest of K—t H—ch—n's boys.

Lamelara then *preferred* his aid,
To support the great Hero of Lota,
And a long list of friends he displayed,
Which commenc'd with his *namesake* of Fota!
H—r—y Up—t—n then told young D—n,
He'd a wonderful project, and by it he
Would promise to poll to a man
The Cork Philosophic Society,
Men Women and Children and all!

Then R—dy O'D—s—ll arose,
And offered the Southern Reporter,
A weapon of death to its foes,
Of Subscribers the warmest supporter;
Its Gulliver strength would put down,
Of G—r—d each foe Lilliputian,
And he'd publish *his puffs* to the town,
With *his own* on the Cork Institution,
Provided the Cash would come down.

Then S—m being ask'd what he thought,
Swore, tho' N—k was a devilish keen shaver,
If the Freeholders once could be bought,
The odds would *be dead* in their favor:
Tip the Coopers enough of the cash,
To the Dev'l pitch all public pursuits,
Your rival at once then you'll smash,
By the weight of your *checks* upon *Rooges*!
For N—k is as poor as a mouse.

But says P—t with a *sorrowful face*,
For Bribery alas now no scope is,
If discover'd how sad the disgrace,
As witness Sir Manassah Lopez!
But tho' *Bribes* the Statute pursues,
It prevents not the *losing a wager*,
So what harm if the game I may lose
As I *us'd long ago* with the GUAGER,
When I wanted a *drain* for the Queen!

It being then put to the VOTE,
If G—r—d shou'd stand the ELECTION,
Not a murmur was heard to denote
The least, softest sound of objection:
Then G—r—d bow'd gracefully round,
And *trying to see* those about him,
Vow'd that faithful he'd ever be found,
And grateful they never cou'd doubt him,
When the *Minister* gave him the POWER!

Secret—T—rry then read the ADDRESS
Of this hopeful support of the Nation,
While Old D—n scarce his tears cou'd suppress,
At the thought of his Son's *recantation*!
Then after a few more remarks
On *Agents*, on *Bribes* and *Committee*,
Up rose all those notable sparks
And hurried to Canvass the City,
And kick out Sir N—k from the Town.